

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE FIRST EASTER

THE first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre. So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God and your God.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—*John 20: 1-18, 30, 31.*

"SEED SCATTERERS"

BEHOLD, a sower went forth to sow.—*Matthew 13: 3.*

April is the month of snow and sunshine, showers and flowers; before the end of this month, the birds will no doubt have returned from their sojourn in the Southland; all nature will show evidence of new life, trees will commence to bud, flowers will begin to bloom, our backs will be to the winter with its cold biting frost, and our faces will be set towards the horizon for the

coming of Spring, we will remember the words of Solomon:

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land:

"The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.

"Arise my love, my fair one, and come away."—*Song of Solomon 2: 11, 12, 13.*

Some years ago Mrs. Joseph A. Mahony of

Boston, Mass., founded a unique organization called the "Seed Scatterers" whose object was to beautify the waysides of the world. Its membership consists of over 500,000 persons who pledge themselves to scatter each year at least one package of perennial seeds by the roadside, in the open country, on neglected graves, etc., in order to save the wild flowers, to repair the ravages wrought by commercial vandals, and to convert the despoilers. If the vision of this lady comes true, the waysides of New England will be brilliant with Blue Delphiniums, Pink and Blue Forget-me-nots, delicate Ladies' Delights, purple Iris and glowing Scarlet Poppies, great Orange Nigger-Heads, Wild Sweet Peas, Old Fashioned Pinks and little Blue Bachelor Buttons.

Along the roadways of the Southwest she sees great White Poppies blooming with Blue Bonnets, and in the Southland travelers will fill their eyes with the charm of the Meadow Narcissus in Pink and Lavender shades. What a splendid ministry to scatter the seeds of these beautiful flowers along the pathway and so make the "Desert blossom as the rose."

Nature is the garment of God—what wonderful lessons nature teaches us—what an inspiration to walk through a garden and take note of the many formations and colorings of the different flowers. Suppose I placed in your hand one seed of each different plant; they would all look alike. We might examine them under the most powerful microscope and would not discover what is wrapped up in them. Suppose in our soliloquy we asked these little seeds this question "What would you have me do to you?" If the little seed could reply, it would say, "Bury me." "How strange, if I bury you, you will die." "Yes, I want to die." "Why?" "Because," replies the little seed, "I cannot begin to live until I die. There is wrapped up in me that which will elevate and illuminate every environment in which I am placed and bring the real joy into life. But," says the little seed, "you will never know the beauty I possess or the joy I can bring into your life until you can

"PUT ME IN THE PLACE WHERE GOD CAN TOUCH ME."

"Bury me where the dew of the morning can bathe my brow and the sun of the morning kiss my cheek and God through nature will bring out of me all the beauty I possess."

So, we go through our garden and there discover what God through nature can do with a little brown seed.

If God through nature can do this with a little brown seed—what can He do through you and me, born in His image, after His likeness, by the works of Grace? As we go about our "Father's" business; we should scatter seeds of love and sunshine all along the way. As we travel the

highways of life are we planting seeds of loving service or is our planting simply weeds of selfishness? Do they who follow us drink in the fragrance of our ministry? Do they see in our lives the beautiful flowers of sacrifice or do they find the way rough and full of stones of stumbling? Little fruit can grow on a life tree stunted by sin.

Jesus said: "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit. He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. I am the vine, YE are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in Him, the same bringeth forth much fruit;

"FOR WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING."

What an important ministry the sower has in life. How necessary to life is the consecrated seed sower. The seeds of the Kingdom of Heaven are the seeds of loving service. The greatest service comes through sacrifice—hear the testimony of the psalmist:

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—*Psalms 126: 4-6.*—*The Gideon.*

EASTER EGG CUSTOMS

WHICH came first, the chicken or the egg? This popular poser is no more difficult to answer than a child's favorite question at Easter time—who ate the first Easter egg?

Its history goes back to the ancients. Egyptians presented eggs at this season as sacred emblems of the renovation of mankind. They were the Eastern emblem of fertility. The Jews adopted them as symbols of their departure from the land of Pharaoh, while the early Christians used them on Easter day as containing the elements of the new life that broke from the sepulchre on the first Easter morning.

The Easter egg is characteristic of many races, each of which has invested it with a particular belief or custom. In Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Holland, they have sports with Easter eggs, and in the latter country the eggs are used for gambling. Placed end to end, they are knocked one against the other. The loser is the player whose egg is broken, and he has to pay whatever sum is the stake. Another form of Easter egg gambling is known as "egg-pitching," or "egg-bowling." Hard-boiled eggs are used like marbles for pitching up to a line or bowling into a hole. In some parts of Switzerland a number of eggs are distributed over a level space and covered with sand. The young men and maidens then dance around them. If a couple finish the

dance without breaking an egg they become engaged, and sometimes they are married before the evening!

In spite of its ancient history, the popularity of the Easter egg never wanes, although its form varies somewhat. The most intelligent of hens might pardonably fail to recognize the rabbits, miniature motor-cars, and other "egg" novelties on sale at Easter time! As a matter of fact the demand for Easter egg novelties grows greater every year. Large eggs covered with silk or satin, and artistically painted, are very much in demand. Price? Only about \$50! But, of course, you can have an Easter egg costing thousands. It is only a question of choosing the costliest contents. An European jeweler once made an egg, a foot high, of ivory of the choicest variety. Before the contents were added, the egg was sent to Calcutta, where native carvers engraved on it a series of pictures representing the various scenes in the Crucifixion and Resurrection. This work alone occupied four months. The egg was then filled with jewelry—diamond bracelets, necklaces, etc.—to the value of \$85,000. The present was intended for a lucky Easter bride, and represented an outlay of about \$100,000.

A remarkable idea was carried out by two indulgent parents, who, on the occasion of their daughter's marriage, gave her an Easter egg nine feet high and eighteen feet in circumference. It was filled with a complete and costly trousseau.

In some countries "sweetmeat eggs," ranging in size from a walnut to large chocolate confections in which a chicken could find accommodations, are still in great demand. For months before Easter thousands of employees are busy at making varieties of Easter eggs. It is not generally known that most of these eggs are made by hand, including each of the flower designs with which they are decorated.—*Selected.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Indian Tapioca Pudding.—One quart milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minute tapioca, cooked in milk until clear; 3 dessertspoons of corn meal, wet in cold milk (enough to pour). Cook 15 minutes in double boiler. Cool, add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup molasses and $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, salt, and butter size of a walnut. When cool, stir in one beaten egg. Bake 2 hours slowly in buttered dish. Good!

* * *

Economical Oatmeal Cookies.—One cup steamed oats (dry), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar (good measure), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of clove and nutmeg, salt. Cream shortening with sugar,

add oats and soda dissolved in the milk, then flour into which the spices have been sifted. Roll thin, cut to suit, place on greased tins and bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes.

* * *

Steamed Chocolate Pudding.—Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar gradually; add 1 egg beaten until thick and light. Sift together $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup milk: continue beating while adding 2 squares of chocolate (melted) and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat thoroughly, turn into buttered mould and steam 2 hours. Serve hot with egg sauce. Two heaping tablespoons of cocoa may be substituted for melted chocolate. If cocoa is used, sift into flour. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of ground clove adds to the flavor.

* * *

HANDY HINTS

When canning tomatoes, put a teaspoon of salt in each can as you seal it; this will insure their keeping.

Salt added to potatoes when nearly done insures flouriness and prevents them from going to pieces. A teaspoon of vinegar in the pan just before straining makes them white and flaky.

When baking potatoes, first grease them with a little butter, and they will be brown and crisp, with nice glazed appearance.

When stitching thin silk, etc., by machine, put white paper underneath material to prevent puckering or drawing; the paper is easily removed afterwards.

HOW TO FIND EASTER

EVEN the youngest knows by this time that Easter does not come on the same day of the month year after year, like Christmas. Here is a rule for finding when it will come:

"Thirty days hath September,"

Every person can remember;

But to know when Easter's come,

Puzzles scholars, some.

When March the twenty-first is past,

Just watch the silvery moon;

And when you see it full and round

Easter will be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,

Then Easter will be here

The very Sabbath after,

In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sabbath

The moon should reach its height,

The Sabbath following this event

Will be the Easter bright.

—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall I send such a book to such a person?*" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. G. A. Bonner of Big Spring, Tenn., R. F. D. 2, writes that she has not heard from any Cheerful Letter friends for a long time and she wishes to hear from them again. She would like a Testament for her husband with large print. Would also appreciate very much any quilt material that could be sent to her.

2. I am a seventh grade school girl, fifteen years old, the oldest girl of a large family. The nearest school is two and one-half miles away. I would be very glad if you would send me some good books to read of any kind, would also like embroidery cotton and patchwork material. Please remember me. For reference write to W. R. Ashley, Bina, N. C. Jean Weaver, Amy, N. C.

3. Mrs. Mary Duggan of Grand Burg, Tenn., Monroe Co., writes asking for reading material for her husband who has been an invalid for twenty years. She has earned their living all these years and now she too is sick. "May the Lord be with you in all your help to the sick and lonely," she writes.

4. Mrs. J. L. Powers of Brandon, N. C., writes that she is a young housewife, and that her husband is not able to do much. She asks if it would be asking too much of the Cheerful Letter members to send her reading matter and quilt scraps of any sort. She would also appreciate a copy of the *Cheerful Letter* and would like to correspond with other mothers.

5. I would be so glad if some one would send me some scraps of any kind for my quilt and some thread if they can spare any. It has been a long time since I got anything from my friends. Now please print my letter. I am yours truly, Mrs. J. W. Simpson, R. F. D. 5, Farmville, Va.

6. I write to you, thanking you and the good ladies for what they sent my little grandchildren for Christmas. I would like to write to all of them personally, but I am a poor hand to write. I would like you to publish my letter so that the good ladies can see that I certainly appreciated their kindness and I still hope that I and the little children will be remembered, for I appreciate what is sent and anything you send will be pleasing to the little children and also myself. Mrs. Alice Barker, Dott, W. Va.

7. I am a farmer's girl. My mamma isn't very stout and my papa has got the rheumatism. I am a poor girl and am in need very much. I am sixteen years old and just weigh eighty pounds. I am fond of books and magazines to read and other good book stories. I would appreciate some Bible stories and any other kind of books. Also I would appreciate some quilt scraps. May the Lord help you in your work so that you will be able to answer my letter by return mail. Nona Tistirman, Hilton, N. C.

8. Miss Alpha Massey of Athens, Tenn., Box 456, is a seventh grade school girl, fifteen years old. She is very fond of reading but not able to buy the books she needs for her school work. If any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends could send her books or magazines to help her with her studies she would appreciate it very much. She sends as reference the name of Rev. M. L. Fuller, Athens, Tenn.

9. Mr. W. A. Ramkin, Cleveland, Ark., is an old man and all alone in the world. He would be glad of any books that would help him to study the Bible, would like questions and answers on the Bible or any book that would help him to a keener understanding of the Gospels. Can someone send him a Bible with references?

10. Mrs. R. B. Taylor of Crumpler, N. C., R. F. D. 2, is a lonely soul and would be glad to answer any letters sent to her. She is a member of the Missionary Baptist Church.

11. Mrs. Minnie Miller of Englewood, Tenn., R. 1, Box 43, writes that she is a young mother and would appreciate a reference Bible, books and magazines as she is not able to buy reading matter for herself. For reference she sends the name of Rev. Charles Holliday, Athens, Tenn.

12. I have come across one of the numbers of *Cheerful Letter*, and the Book and Magazine Club appealed to me. I would be glad of books or magazines or any kind of good reading matter. For reference write Rev. R. A. May, Clifton, N. C. Yours very truly, Mr. Winton Ashley, Clifton, N. C.

13. I have heard of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am a poor man, 77 years old and a cripple for life. I have not been able to do any work for years. My wife is a cripple too: she is 78 years old. I enjoy reading. I would be glad to get some magazines to read. Rev. W. M. Brooks, Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 53.

14. Hattie Brooks, whose address is also Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 53, writes that she would be so glad to have some reading for herself and her children—four girls and three boys. She would also enjoy getting some quilt scraps.

15. I am 21 years old and like to do patchwork or any kind of needlework. I also love to read. Will someone please send me some one of these things to pass the long winter evenings. I have three sisters but they are in school, and

just me and my dear old mother, Mrs. W. O. Collins. I guess a lot of you have seen her name time and again for she has been among you for almost forty years. She is a widow. We live on a farm. I hope someone will send us something to help pass these long evenings. Miss Ophelia Collins, R. 2, Box 45, Tolar, Tex.

16. I would be glad if you would print my little note in the *Cheerful Letter*. I am a young married woman with two small children, a boy four years, and a baby three months. I should be glad to get quilt pieces, letters and especially good reading matter. Mrs. Pearl Hurley, Grassy Creek, N. C.

17. I have written before asking for books and magazines. I received some nice magazines, also some papers for the children. I am sending many thanks for them. Also I would be very glad to receive any good books or magazines or I would be more than glad of scraps of any material that would do for patchwork. I have three children, one boy 10 years old, a girl 7, and a baby girl 1 year. Earl, the boy, is in the fifth grade. I will surely appreciate all reading matter that's sent. I will pass it on to my neighbors to read. Thanks in advance for all that you send. Mrs. Fannie Kingsley, Scotland, Ark., R. 2, Box 75.

18. I am in bed, have been for some time. I have given out in my back and have fainting spells. Although I hope to be able to get out soon, as my children are so much in need of something to wear. I have nine children, my oldest, 18, a girl. I only have three boys. You may imagine they would keep one busy. My husband has no health of late years. I send some of the children to school the days I can provide a shift for them. We are very poor and would be glad of anything you could send to cheer us. Mrs. George E. Purcell, Spencer, Va., R. 3.

19. I wish to join your *Cheerful Letter* exchange. Will you please find me a correspondent? Rev. Avery Powers, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. F. D. 2, Box 104.

20. Mrs. Lollie M. Jones of Ferrum, Va., Route 3, Box 84, would like to have her name put in the *Cheerful Letter* magazine hoping to secure some young mother for a correspondent. She is twenty-six years old, married and has two children, Dempsey, aged four, and Marvie, seven months old. She and her husband live on a little farm far from town, church or railroad. She would appreciate cards for the children and quilt material for herself.

21. A friend of mine gave me a part of the *Cheerful Letter* to read and I certainly did enjoy it. I am a young married woman, have one little boy, and it is so hard for me to get out and I am lonesome. I would appreciate reading matter so I am sending a request for it. I live

out on the edge of town. Yours truly, Mrs. Charles Curry, Martinsville, Va. Gen. Del.

22. Dear Cheerful Letter Friends: I became interested in collecting postage stamps in 1900. This winter my interest in them has sprung from the Lake of Oblivion and I wish very much to add a few. I should be very glad, indeed, to receive envelopes bearing stamps postmarked before the above date also those bearing postmark without stamp.

Anything that is a stamp of an early date would be most welcome.

The early ones of Franklin, Jefferson, Washington and the star matches stamp also the Lexington-Concord series are much desired. I should like the Civil War envelopes showing patriotism. Hoping my friends can favor me with some, I am gratefully yours, Lottie B. Reed, Athens, Maine.

23. I am a girl of nineteen and live in the country. My mother is dead. I keep house and get very lonesome sometimes. I have five brothers, all go to school. My grandmother lives with us,—she is 78 years of age. I will appreciate story books and magazines sent me, if you have any, also picture post cards for the boys, as they enjoy looking at them. I remain as ever a Cheerful Letter friend, (Miss) Ruby Bradley, Sandedges, Va., Box 33.

24. I haven't received any books or magazines and any kind of reading matter in quite a while from the Cheerful Letter friends. Would be very glad to receive any kind of good novels or magazines or just any kind of good reading matter, especially the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Woman's Home Companion* and *McCall's Magazine*. I wish to thank the kind one who subscribed for the *McCall's Magazine* year before last, as I enjoyed reading it so well, and missed it so much when it was out. Quilt pieces would be appreciated so much to help pass away the rough winter days. I wish to thank every Cheerful Letter friend that has sent me any thing in the past, and to ask them to please remember me in the future. Would be glad to receive the *Cheerful Letter*. Sincerely, Mrs. Lelah Mabe, Lawsonville, N. C.

25. Mrs. Will Fitts of Malakoff, Texas, Route 3, has heard of the *Cheerful Letter* and would like a correspondent. She sends as reference the name of her pastor, the Rev. Carroll Funderburk, Mantalba, Texas.

26. Mrs. Charles Campbell of Big Sandy, W. Va., is very sad and lonely and looks to the *Cheerful Letter* friends for cheer and comfort. She is the mother of eight children, six girls and two boys all living. She would appreciate very much a Bible, and also any reading matter for school children, and quilt pieces. Her reference is Rev. S. L. Payne, Twin Branch, W. Va.

27. Rev. John W. Brown of Traphill, N. C.,

sends his thanks for the *Cheerful Letter* and reading matter that has been sent to him in the past, and, if not asking too much, would like some good books to read now.

28. Mrs. Arch Bingman, Lawsonville, N. C., Route 1, writes that she has two little girls, ages nine and three years, for whom she would like cards. She would also appreciate quilt material and good magazines for herself.

29. I am a seventh grade pupil and have some books to read in school this year. Will some one kindly send me "Anne of Green Gables," "Huckleberry Finn," and "Evangeline". I joined the church last summer and my minister is Rev. E. G. Stephen, Gold Dale, Va. Thanking you in advance, (Miss) Virginia Richard, R. F. D. 2, Box 38, Unionville, Virginia.

30. Mrs. Fannie E. Thompson, Unionville Va., wishes to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends, who have sent her reading the past year, and would appreciate books and magazines.

31. I will be very glad if the readers of *Cheerful Letter* will send me some good books or magazines to read. I shall appreciate any books on Bible study and religion. My husband has acute indigestion and appendicitis and has not been able to do a day's work in over 3 years. We live one mile from the public road. I am 29 years and my husband is 32 years. We have no children. I will appreciate anything that the dear cheerful readers will send. I will give as reference Rev. T. M. Sexton, Silas Creek, N. C., Mrs. M. E. Eller, Silas Creek, N. C.

32. Mrs. Bell Rambo, Crandell, Tenn., R. 1, writes most gratefully for the help she has received from the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange in the past, thanking all the ladies who have sent her cheer in her lonely hours. She hopes to continue to be remembered.

33. Mrs. Walter Johnson of Sturgills, N. C., thanks the *Cheerful Letter* friends for all their kindness. She regrets that she cannot write oftener to them all. It is some time since she has heard from anyone and asks if her friends won't please write to her again. She would appreciate embroidery cotton, also any patterns for the kiddies. She has a new baby girl, five months old, making six little folks in all—three boys and three girls.

34. To the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange: I would appreciate the *Cheerful Letter* magazine after someone has read it. I am a young mother and like to read. Would be glad to receive cards for my little girl. Thank you. Mrs. Austin Cogburn, Leo, Texas, Cook Co.

35. It has been going on two years since I received any reading or anything. We have had two bad crop years, so it is hard on us. We are poor people, living on a rented farm. Reading of any kind or scraps of any kind would be appreciated. I would like to correspond with

some of the ladies. I would love to have a Bible with large print. I have moved. My old address was Wadesboro, R. 1, N. C. My new address is Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 100. Mrs. Sallie McLendon.

36. I am a young wife eighteen years old and have a little girl thirteen months old. I am not able to go to church often as we live a long way from town. Work is scarce and my husband is out of work now. We would appreciate magazines to read and I would enjoy a correspondent. Thanking you, Mrs. B. H. Lyon, Iowa Park, Texas, Route 2, care of J. M. Green.

37. I am a stranger to you, but I don't feel like I am writing to a stranger, as I have been reading your *Cheerful Letter* that a friend gives me. I am a poor girl and live a long ways from church or school. My father is a farmer though there was not much made on the farm last year so we are having a hard time and I thought I would write to you and see if you could send me some bed quilt scraps. And if it isn't asking too much I would enjoy some magazines. Thanking you in advance, Miss Virgie Porter, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1, Box 104.

38. I want to write and thank you all for your kindness in sending me reading in the past and would certainly appreciate some now for the winter. My two girls, ages 15 and 13, would be glad of reading and bits of thread for crochet work. Thanking you again for your kindness, Mrs. H. T. West, Vinton, Va., Roanoke Co., Box 594.

39. Mrs. Belva Church, now of Rock, W. Va., writes to the *Cheerful Letter* again for cheer. She has moved to a strange place and has no acquaintances, so is very lonely. She would appreciate reading matter, also crochet and embroidery cotton. She sends thanks for all favors.

40. I wish to thank everyone who has remembered me in any way. Will someone please send me some crochet thread and silk pieces, to help pass the lonely hours, as there is no one but myself and my little 17-months-old baby; no one to help us any. I hope someone will remember me on my birthday, the 3d day of April. My little girl, Anna Lea, would like some pictures and toys. Mrs. Girtha Tyson, Polkton, N. C., R. F. D. 2.

41. I would like very much if someone would send me the *Youth's Companion* or any other magazines or good books after they have read them. My pastor's name and address is Rev. Guy Hanes, Warrensville, N. C. Very truly yours, Ruby Roland, Clifton, N. C.

42. I am writing again to thank you for the cheer and comfort received in the past and assure you that it's been most heartily appreciated and to inform you that I have changed my address which now is Dell, Okla., R. 2, Box 15. It was

formerly Sayre, Okla. I wish to still be remembered and would be so glad to get a large print Bible as my eyes are failing very fast. I would also appreciate quilt scraps.

Hoping to hear from some of you soon and bidding the good work of the *Cheerful Letter* "God Speed", Mrs. Cretia Medlin, Dell, Okla., R. 2, Box 15.

43. Mrs. Jessie Carpenter of Peachland, N. C. Route 1, sends her heartfelt thanks to all those who have been so good to send her reading matter in the last year and hopes they will continue to remember her.

44. I am writing to see if you can find the "History of the French Empire," by Theus, for me. I am willing to pay something for the book if it is in reason. I am a poor man, therefore I could not pay much. You get the book and I will appreciate very much your trouble and kindness. W. S. Bailey, Waugh P. O., Va.

45. I thank you very much for books and papers. I appreciate good reading. I am 62 years old and sick, not able to work. I am glad for anything my friends send me. I always like to read letters from far-off friends or get books or papers or any help they wish to give me. Your friend, Mrs. Martha Thompson, Edison, N. C.

46. I want to thank you, dear people, for the kindness and comfort you have given me during my suffering and shut-in life. Please don't forget me while I am lonely. We have moved to a strange town entirely among strangers, and will appreciate any kindness that can be given me. I would be so glad of good reading with large print, would be so glad of a Webster's dictionary for my little girl of 11. She is in the sixth grade and doing nicely; the second girl, age 8, in third. I would appreciate anything anyone would send them to help them in school as it takes so many little things nowadays. My little girl (baby), 4½ years old, would be so glad of pictures, paper dolls or picture books to keep her company while the others are in school. I would be glad of books called "St. Elmo," and "Top of the World," or any others that can be sent, also McCall's fashion book. Please send me some pieces of any kind, as I can spend so much time in piecing now. It was an awful dry year last year with cyclone and different wind storms. It made it awful hard for us this time, though I trust in God, believing He will help me in some way. Bless and praise His name. I hope some day to meet all you dear people in Glory. I hope God will add stars to your dear crown, for the comfort that has been shown me. Please some one send me the *Cheerful Letter*. I don't know who sent it to my old address. Mrs. Emma L. Blankenship, Route 6, Box 107c, Roanoke, Va.

47. Mrs. Lillie Morgan of Decatur, Tenn., R. 2, writes expressing her gratitude to all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have sent her scraps

and magazines. She would be very glad if someone would send her a fifth grade arithmetic for her youngest boy as she is unable to get one, and would also appreciate gingham pieces for quilts and silk pieces for crazy patchwork.

48. I am a married woman and my health is not good. I am the mother of three girls, aged 25, 17 and 9. I appreciate reading and quilting. Mrs. G. R. Stike, Crumpler, N. C.

49. My dear *Cheerful Letter* friends, I want to thank you all for sending me the book. I have been getting the *Cheerful Letter* for five years. This time I am asking for some picture books for my little boys. Mrs. Lidie Station, Ansonville, N. C., Box 51.

50. I am a mother of six children, the three oldest thirteen and eleven and nine, the younger ones six and four, the baby thirteen months. We live on rented land. I would be glad of scraps of Calico or percale for my quilts and would appreciate good reading for the children. Will give for reference, Rev. William Brooks, Tuckerdale, N. C. Mrs. E. W. Brooks, Tuckerdale, N. C.

51. Mrs. Ambrose Coffey, Alto, Va., wishes to thank all those who have sent us reading, letters, and cards, also quilt pieces, in the past year and will be glad to hear from the *Cheerful Letter* friends during the coming year.

52. It has been a long time since I heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I will be grateful for any reading. I will also appreciate some embroidery cotton and quilt scraps. I will pass on any reading sent to me. With all good wishes, sincerely, Mrs. Daniel A. Monroe, Manchester, N. C.

53. I will be so grateful to *Cheerful Letter* if you will send me an encyclopedia. I so often see words in reading which I cannot find in an ordinary dictionary. I wish to thank my *Cheerful Letter* friends for the lovely little book I rec'd at Christmas. Sincerely, (Miss.) Mary C. Thornton, Lowesville, Va.

54. I have come to ask for sweet pea and nasturtium seeds. You know you have helped me each year or I could not have had the flowers to sell. I am all alone and all the way I have to earn any thing is by my flowers, so I do hope I shall get seed enough this year. Last year I did not and could not have so many flowers to sell. This has been a hard winter for me. I have been ill and all alone. No one knows how I miss my loved ones. Life hardly seems worth the struggle, but I am trying to say "Thy will be done"—I trust some will send me some seed—and write me a word of comfort. Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Me.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Mary Curry lives now at Bassett, Va.
Mrs. C. P. Ross has moved to Polkton, N. C., R. 2.

Mrs. Sallie McLendon's new address is Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 100, (formerly of Wadesboro, N. C.)

Mrs. Emma L. Blankenship is now at Roanoke, Va., R. 6, Box 107c.

Mrs. Belva Church has removed to Rock, W. Va.

Mrs. Cretia Medlin's new address is Dill, Okla., R. 2, Box 15 (formerly, Sayre, Okla.).

COMFORT

SAY! You've struck a heap of trouble—

Bust in business, lost your wife;

No one cares a cent about you,

You don't care a cent for life;

Hard luck has of hope bereft you,

Health is failing, wish you'd die—

Why, you've still the sunshine left you

And the big, blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder

If it's heaven shining through;

Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,

Sun so bright it dazzles you;

Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging

All their fragrance on the breeze;

Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—

Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;

These, and none can weigh their worth.

What! You're tired and broke and beaten?

Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!

Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,

While the blue sky bends above,

You've got nearly all that matters—

You've got God, and God is love.

—Robert W. Service.

THE PRAYER OF THE TREE

UPON a tree by the roadside in Portugal, one reads the following appeal:

"Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me, hearken ere you harm me.

"I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights.

"My friendly shade screens you from the summer's sun.

"My fruits are refreshing draughts, quenching your thirst as you journey on.

"I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed you lie on, the timber that builds your boat.

"I am the handle of your hoe, your door, the wood of your coffin and cradle.

"Ye who pass me by listen to my prayer. Harm me not!"—*Clipped.*

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

(Concluded)

WHEN the tenth of December came, the light went to sleep for the winter, and the keepers took their way across the ice to the mainland. The inhabitants began to understand that the lighthouse meant something—a law, an order, a principle. Man cannot help feeling respect for a thing when they see others willing to fight or to suffer for it.

When the time arrived to kindle the light again in the spring, Fortin chose the little Marcel again to help him. The boy had earned the right. Besides, he and Nataline had struck up a close friendship on the island, cemented during the winter by various hunting excursions. Marcel was a skilful setter of snares: Nataline had won consent to borrow her father's *carabine*. They hunted in partnership. One day they had shot a fox. Now they wanted to try for a seal on the point of the island when the ice went out. It was quite essential that Marcel should go.

A peasant hero is seldom averse to economy in small things, like money, and "a boy costs less than a man," said Baptiste to his wife.

But there was not much play in the spring session. December had been lamb-like compared with April. There were bitter winds and storms that made the whole world—earth and sky and sea—look like a crazy white chaos. And through it all that weary, dogged crank must be kept turning from dark to daylight.

At last they saw the supply-boat one fair afternoon, April the twenty-ninth, creeping slowly down the coast. Fortin ran out of the tower, took off his hat, and began to say his prayers. The wife and the two elder girls stood in the kitchen door, crossing themselves. Marcel and Nataline were coming up from the point of the island, where they had been watching for their seal. She was singing. When she saw the boat she stopped short for a minute.

"Well," she said, "they find us awake. And if they don't come faster than that we'll have to make the light wink, eh?"

Then she went on with her song.

III

But an out-of-doors story does not end like that, broken off in the middle, with a bit of a song. Nataline's story is not told; it is only begun.

The girl grew up like a young birch tree—stately and strong, good to look at. She was beautiful in her place; she fitted it exactly. She was a girl to love out-of-doors. There was nothing that she could not do, and, best of all, she could run the lighthouse.

It was the centre of her life, her law of God. There was nothing about it that she did not

understand and love. From the first of April to the tenth of December the flashing of the light was like the beating of her heart—steady, even unflinching. She lived by it and for it. There were no more accidents to the clockwork—it ran on regularly, year after year.

Alma and Azilda were married and went away to live. Nataline was her father's right-hand man, and more and more of the work fell upon her. She was proud of it.

At last, one day in January, Baptiste Fortin died. The men dug through the snow behind the tiny chapel at Dead Men's Point, and made a grave for him, and the young priest of the mission read the funeral service over it.

Nataline was to be the keeper of the light until the supply-boat came down again in the spring and orders arrived from Quebec. She was a woman, it is true. But Nataline could do this particular thing better than any man on the Point. Everybody approved of her as the heir of her father, especially young Marcel Thibault.

He was Nataline's lover. They were to be married the next summer. Once in a while, when Nataline grieved for her father, she would let Marcel put his arm around her and comfort her in the way that lovers know. But their talk was mainly of the future, because they were young, and of the light, because Nataline's life belonged to it.

Perhaps the Government would remember that year when it was kept going by hand for two months, and give it to her to keep as long as she lived. At all events, while she was the keeper the light should not fail.

But that winter was a bad one on the North Shore. The summer before, the fishing had been almost a dead failure. In June a wild storm had smashed all the salmon nets and swept most of them away. In July they could find no caplin for bait for the cod-fishing, and in August and September they could find no cod. The few bushels of potatoes that some of the inhabitants had planted, rotted in the ground. The people at the Point went into the winter short of money and very short of food.

There were some supplies at the store, but this resource also failed them. In the last week of January the store caught fire and burned up. Nothing was saved. The only hope now was the seal-hunting. That at least would bring them meat and oil enough to keep them from starvation.

But this hope failed, too. The seals were few and wild. Less than a dozen were killed in all. By the last of March Dead Men's Point stood face to face with famine.

Then old Thibault had an idea.

"There is sperm oil on the Island of Birds," said he, "in the lighthouse, plenty of it. It will keep life in the body. The Esquimaux drink it

in the North. We must take the oil of the lighthouse to keep us from starving until the supply-boat comes down."

"But how shall we get it?" asked the others. "Nataline Fortin has the key. Will she give it up?"

"Give it?" growled Thibault. "Of course she will give it. Is not the life of all of us more than a light?"

A committee of three, with Thibault at the head, waited upon Nataline without delay, told her their plan, and asked for the key. She thought it over silently for a few minutes.

"No," she said. "I will not give the key. If you take the oil, the lamp will not be burning when the supply-boat comes. For me, that would be shame, disgrace, worse than death. I am the keeper of the light. You shall not have the oil."

They argued, pleaded with her. She was a rock. Her round under jaw set like a trap, her lips straightened, her eyebrows drew together, and her eyes grew black.

"No," she cried, "a thousand times no. All in this house I will share with you. But not one drop of what belongs to the light. Never!"

Later in the afternoon the priest came to see her. He talked with her very gently and kindly.

"My daughter, think seriously what you do. Is it not our first duty to save human life? Surely that must be according to the will of God. Will you refuse to obey it?"

Nataline was trembling a little now. The tears stood in her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"My father," she answered, "I desire to do the will of God. Is it not His first command that we should love and serve Him faithfully in the duty which He has given us? He gave me this light to keep. Besides, the supply-boat is coming soon—when it comes it will bring food. But if the light is out, the boat may be lost. That would be punishment for my sin. No, *mon père*, we must trust God. He will keep the people. I will keep the light."

A glow came into the face of the priest. "You shall follow your conscience," he said quietly. "Peace be with you, Nataline."

That evening Marcel came. She let him take her in his arms and kiss her. She felt like a child, tired and weak.

"Well," he whispered, "you have done bravely, sweetheart. You were right not to give the key. But it is all settled now. They will have the oil without your fault. Tonight they are going out to the lighthouse to break in and take what they want. You need not know. There will be no blame—"

She straightened in his arms, and sprang back, blazing with anger.

"What?" she cried, "me a thief by roundabout. Never. Do you think I care only for

the blame? I tell you that is nothing. My light shall not be robbed, never, never!"

She came close to him.

"Marcel Thibault," she said, "do you love me?"

"My faith," he gasped, "you know I do."

"Then listen," she continued. "You are going down to the shore at once to make ready the big canoe. I am going to get food enough to last us for the month. Then we are going out to the island tonight. Day after tomorrow is the first of April. We shall light the lantern, and it shall burn every night until the boat comes down. Now go; be quick; and bring your gun."

IV

They pushed off in the black darkness, crossed the strait in silence, and hid their canoe among the rocks on the island. They carried their stuff up to the house and locked it in the kitchen. Then they unlocked the tower and went in, Marcel with his shot-gun, and Nataline with her father's old *carabine*. They fastened the door again, bolted it, and sat down in the dark to wait.

Presently they heard the grating of the prow on the stones below, the steps of eight or ten men stumbling up the steep path, and voices mingled in confused talk. The glimmer of a couple of lanterns bobbed in and out among the rocks and bushes. Three carried axes and three others a heavy log of wood which they had picked up on their way.

"The log is better than the axes," said one; "take it in your hands this way, swing it back and forwards and let it go. The door will come down like a sheet of paper. Wait till I give the word, then swing hard. One—two—"

"Stop!" cried Nataline, throwing open the little window. "If you dare to touch that door, I shoot."

She thrust out the barrel of the rifle, and Marcel's shot-gun appeared beside it. There was amazement in the crowd outside, and consternation, and anger.

"Marcel," they shouted, "you there? Let us in. You told us—"

"I know," answered Marcel, "but I was mistaken. I stand by Mademoiselle Fortin. What she says is right. If any man tries to break in here, we kill him."

The gang muttered, cursed, threatened, then went off to their boat.

"It is murder that you will do," one of them called out. "You, Mademoiselle Fortin! you cause the people to die of hunger!"

"Not I," she answered, "that is as the good God pleases. The light shall burn."

They heard the grinding of the boat on the rocks as they shoved off; the rattle of oars in the rowlocks. After that the island was still.

Then Nataline sat down on the floor in the

dark, and cried. Marcel tried to comfort her. She pushed his hand gently away from her waist.

"No," she said, "not now! please, Marcel. Come into the house, I want to talk with you."

They went into the cold, dark kitchen, lit a candle and kindled a fire in the stove. Nataline busied herself with a score of things. She put away the poor little store of provisions, made some tea, spread the table, and sat down opposite Marcel. For a time she kept her eyes turned away from him, while she talked about all sorts of things. Then she fell silent for a little, got up and moved about the room, then came back to her chair, pushed her cup aside, rested both elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, and looked Marcel square in the face with her clear brown eyes.

"My friend," she said, "are you an honest man?"

He was puzzled. "Why, yes, Nataline," he answered, "yes, surely—I hope."

"Then let me speak to you without fear," she continued. "I am not ignorant of what I have done this night. You are a man. I am a girl. We are shut up alone in this house for God knows how long. I have risked all that a girl holds most precious. I have put my good name in your hands."

Marcel tried to speak but she stopped him.

"Let me finish. It is not easy to say. I trust you waking and sleeping. But I am a woman. There must be no love-making. We have other work to do. The light must not fail. You will not touch me, you will not embrace me—not once—till after the boat has come. Then"—she smiled at him like a sunburned angel—"a well, is it a bargain?"

She put out one hand across the table. Marcel took it in both of his own. He did not kiss it. He lifted it up in front of his face.

"I swear to you, Nataline, you shall be to me as the Blessed Virgin herself."

The following night they kindled the light. They still feared another attack and thought it needful that one of them should be on guard all the time. Nataline took the night duty; it was her own choice; she loved the charge of the lamp. Marcel was on duty through the day. They were together a few hours morning and evening.

There was just enough work to do about the house and tower to keep them busy. The weather was fair. Though they were hungry, they were not starving. And Nataline played the fife. She jested, she sang, she told long fairy stories while they sat in the kitchen. Marcel admitted that it was not at all a bad arrangement. But his thoughts turned very often to the arrival of the supply-boat. He hoped it would not be late.

One evening as Nataline came down from her

sleep she saw Marcel coming up the rocks, dragging a young seal behind him.

"Hurra!" he shouted, "here is plenty of meat. I shot it about an hour ago."

But Nataline said there was still food enough in the larder. On shore there must be greater need. Marcel must take the seal over to the mainland that night and leave it near the priest's house. He grumbled a little, but he did it.

On the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of April the clouds came down from the north, a brief, sharp storm, with considerable wind and a whirling, blinding fall of April snow. It was a bad night for boats at sea, confusing, bewildering, a night when the lighthouse had to do its best. Nataline was in the tower all night, tending the lamp. Once she got out her long brush and scraped the snow away from the lantern. It was cold work, but she gloried in it. The bright eye of the tower, winking steadily through the storm seemed to be the sign of her power in the world. She kept it shining.

When morning came the wind was still blowing fitfully off shore, but the snow had almost ceased. Nataline was just climbing up into the lantern to put out the lamp, when Marcel's voice hailed her.

"Come down, Nataline, come down quick."

She turned and hurried out, not knowing what was to come; perhaps a message of trouble from the mainland, perhaps a new assault on the lighthouse. As she came out of the tower, her brown eyes heavy from the night-watch, she saw Marcel standing on the rocky knoll beside the house, pointing shoreward.

There, in the deep water between the island and the Point, lay the supply-boat; rocking quietly on the waves. It was the end of her fight, relief for the village, victory! And the light that had guided the little ship safe through the stormy night into the harbor was hers.

She looked up at the lamp, still burning.

"I kept you!" she cried.

Then she turned to Marcel and held out both her hands, whispering, "Now you shall keep me!"

There was a fine wedding on the last day of April, and from that time the island took its new name,—the Isle of the Wise Virgin.—*Adapted from The Keeper of the Light by Henry VanDyke.*

VICTORY

I CALL no fight a losing fight

If, fighting, I have gained some straight new strength;

If, fighting, I turned ever toward the light,

All unallied with forces of the night;

If, beaten, quivering, I could say at length:

"I did no deed that needs to be unnamed;

I fought—and lost—and I am unashamed."

—Miriam Teichner.

AN APRIL WELCOME

COME up, April, through the valley,
 In your robes of beauty dress,
 Come and wake your flowery children
 From their wintry beds of rest;
 Come and overblow them softly
 With the sweet breath of the south;
 Drop upon them, warm and loving,
 Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

Touch them with your rosy fingers,
 Wake them with your pleasant tread,
 Push away the leaf-brown covers,
 Over all their faces spread;
 Tell them how the sun is waiting
 Longer daily in the skies,
 Looking for the bright up-lifting
 Of their softly-fringed eyes.

Call the crow-foot and the crocus,
 Call the pale anemone,
 Call the violet and the daisy,
 Clothed with careful modesty;
 Seek the low and humble blossoms,
 Of their beauties unaware,
 Let the dandelion and fennel,
 Show their shining yellow hair.

Bid the little homely sparrows
 Chirping, in the cold and rain,
 Their impatient sweet complaining,
 Sing out from their hearts again;
 Bid them set themselves to mating,
 Cooing love in softest words,
 Crowd their nests, all cold and empty,
 Full of little callow birds.

Come up, April, through the valley,
 Where the fountain sleeps today,
 Let him, freed from icy fetters,
 Go rejoicing on his way;
 Through the flower-enameled meadows
 Let him run his laughing race,
 Making love to all the blossoms
 That o'erleant and kiss his face.

But not birds and blossoms only,
 Not alone the streams complain,
 Men and maidens too are calling,
 Come up, April, come again!
 Waiting with the sweet impatience
 Of a lover for the hours
 They shall see the tender beauty
 Of thy feet among the flowers!

—Phoebe Cary.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.